

OCTOBER 21, 1934

GUEST, CAPTAIN JOHN H. CRAIGE

AMERICAN BOSCH RADIO EXPLORER'S CLUB

NUMBER 10

WJZ

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5:30 - 5:45 P.M.

OCTOBER 21 1934

SUNDAY

(SIGNATURE " SAILOR'S HORNPIPE " ACCORDION)

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT

Presenting - the weekly meeting of the American-Bosch Radio  
Explorer's Club!

(SIGNATURE OUT)

ANNOUNCER Come sail the seven seas with us!

(WIND AND WAVE EFFECTS.)

Explore the wild jungles of Africa....

(JUNGLE EFFECTS)

Visit the cannibal countries!

(TOM TOMS)

Circle the globe with the American-Bosch Round-the-  
World-Radio!

(GUST OF WIND)



## CAPTAIN BARKER

Ahoy there boys and girls. This is Captain James P. Barker speaking. Rouse out mother and dad too for today's muster of the American-Bosch Radio Explorer's Club; -- which, of course, should not be confused with the Explorer's Club of New York. We have with us today Captain John H. Craige, of the United States Marines, formerly in charge of police in Port au Prince, Haiti, authority on Black Magic and author of Black Bagdad, who has among his audience today thousands of commissioned officers and enlisted men aboard ships in the United States and naval stations all over the world. Captain Craige is going to tell us something about the mystic subject -- Voodooism as practiced by the natives of Haiti.

You know, when I was master of the famous old square-rigged ship Tusitale, we often sailed through the Mona Passage, a deep and dangerous channel between Haiti and Mona Island. Once, we entered the passage at a fast twelve knot clip with the Old Ship's canvas bellying out almost to bursting point. No sooner had we sailed abeam of Mona Island, however, than the wind fell away altogether. The Tusitale was left helplessly rolling in an oily swell. A fast current had set in too, and we began to drift dangerously at a rapid rate towards the Island of Haiti which loomed up off the starboard bow.

A deep silence settled over the Old Ship, as the men stood by anxiously, ready to trim the yards at the first sign of wind. I may tell you, boys and girls, I paced up and down the poop in a mighty uneasy frame of mind.

For perhaps thirty minutes we drifted in the grip of that current without a chance to help ourselves...By jove - it looked like shipwreck!

CAPTAIN BARKER CONTINUES

But at last we were blessed by a faint breath of wind from the east'ard.

"Mr. Tams, " I roared to the mate, "brace those yards on the starboard tack - and step lively!"

Haiti was much too close for comfort when at that moment his answer came back to me - "Aye, aye, sir!"

Gradually the sails filled to the making breeze, and soon the Tusitala was moving through the water again. An hour later we were ramping and snorting along in the blue open waters of the Caribbean, and much to my relief, Haiti had faded into the dim distance astern.

Well - so much for my reminiscences of Haiti....I know you're all anxious to hear from Captain John H Craige who knows as much as anyone alive about that mysterious island of the Caribbean Sea. So here's our good friend and fellow club member Hans Christian Adamson, who will interview Captain Craige - Mr. Adamson.

ADAMSON Thanks Captain Barker and now I take great pleasure in presenting Captain John H Craige who will take us to Haiti and reveal some of the strange superstitions of people who still are in the grip of voodooism. In Haiti, he tells me, a wanga or warning is a real messenger of disaster or death. But that's your story, Captain Craige. Tell us something about wangas. Just what do they look like -- and what do they mean?

CRAIGE Well, -- first of all ---- a wanga in Haiti is a voodoo charm that is a sort of modern edition of the spells used by masters of the Black Arts back in the Middle Ages.



- ADAMSON It doesn't seem possible that there'd be any people nowadays who would believe in such hocus pocus!
- CRAIGE Oh, but there are! Thousands of Haitians are centuries behind us in civilization and magic still plays an important part in their lives.
- ADAMSON You speak as though wangas were every day affairs in Haiti?
- CRAIGE And they are. Everybody in Haiti, white or black, has dozens of wangas made against him by his enemies. Why--- if you fire your cook, she'll make a wanga against you. Some wangas are big wangas -- meant to produce terrible trouble. Others are only little wangas, to make your dinner disagree with you or to make you baldheaded. The Haitians know exactly what each wanga is for as soon as they see it.
- ADAMSON Did you ever see a wanga Captain Craige.
- CRAIGE Oh, yes, certainly. A great many. Big ones -little ones. No two are alike. A Wanga may take any form but most of them are symbolic. Some are made by peasants. Others are elaborately cooked up by magicians. These latter are very powerful.
- ADAMSON You say that as though you believed it. You don't really think these spells have any effect on those who receive them?
- CRAIGE I certainly do, Hans. In fact, they have a great deal of effect on Haitians for the very simple reason that they believe in them.
- ADAMSON Really!

CRAIGE Yes, indeed! Let's take the case of Philoscar, an orderly of mine. I was inspecting on horseback and he was following me. We had just crossed a little stream and were passing his home. All of a sudden his horse stopped. I looked around. Philoscar was sitting as if paralyzed, his eyes popping out so far you could hang your hat on them.

ADAMSON But why?

CRAIGE That's what I was wondering until he pointed to a tree by the road in front of the door and there I saw a cross worked in horse-shoe nails on its trunk. Where the arms crossed was a heart cut from an illustrated paper, and pinned to the heart were three gendarmerie buttons.

ADAMSON And was that a wanga?

CRAIGE I should say it was and Philoscar knew it. "White Father" he said, "I'm going to die." Then he went into the hut and lay down. He was a strong young man and there was nothing the matter with him. I tried to persuade him that he was O.K, but there was nothing to it. His mind was set on dying.

ADAMSON And did he die?

CRAIGE Yes, he died in three days - one day for each of the buttons on the cross.

ADAMSON But I suppose that that was just an isolated case.

CRAIGE Well, there was the case of Hoffman, a Marine Corps Lieutenant, who commanded a camp called Pont Beudet.. One day when I called on him there was something on the table in his living room. "What's that?" said I. "Oh," said Hoffman, "that's the worst kind of a death-wanga on me."



ADAMSON      What did it look like, Jack?

CRAIGE        It wasn't much to look at -- just a dish of boiled plantain and yams, nicely sugared and served in half a gourde.

ADAMSON       That sounds more like a meal than a menace.

CRAIGE        Yes, but the only thing wrong with it was that around a burned place in the middle of the food were twelve kernels of corn. We read the charm to mean that after twelve days Hoffman would die.

ADAMSON       And what happened - nothing?

CRAIGE        Strangely enough Hans, he was shot and killed on the morning of the thirteenth day by a mutinous gendarme named Thimocles.

ADAMSON       Amazing! But did the wanga have anything to do with it?

CRAIGE        Hans, you'll have to answer that one yourself. I'm only telling you the facts.

ADAMSON       Well -- what about yourself, Jack, did anyone ever pin a wanga on you?

CRAIGE        Oh yes, a great many.

ADAMSON       And did they work?

CRAIGE        Oddly enough it happened quite often that after a wanga had been made against me I would have the kind of mishap the spell was supposed to produce.

ADAMSON       This is getting exciting - tell us about it, Jack.

CRAIGE        Well, once I arrested a man for murder. One of his uncles was a magician and he put a wanga on me. It wasn't a very bad wanga. All he wished me was a spill from a horse, so he fastened a wanga to my saddle--- a sort of African doll made of plaited horse-hair. (OVER)

CRAIGE (CONTINUES)

A couple of days later my saddle became unclined, my horse ran away and I came within an ace of having my brains scattered all over the scenery.

ADAMSON That was pretty close! I should think they'd stop after that.

CRAIGE But they didn't. My last wanga was a queer one. It was supposed to be an extra good job of witchcraft and I've had a strange assortment of misfortunes since then. You'll have to decide for yourself if the wanga had anything to do with them.

ADAMSON All right - give us the facts and we'll see!

CRAIGE Well, down in Port Au Prince there was a witch whose name was Kitty Smith - a colored woman, born in Elmira, New York. She came to Haiti when a young girl, and got to be one of the leading priestesses of Voodoo. She grew rich and powerful. Then the American's came and outlawed her magic. Next she lost her money in the Stock Market.

ADAMSON But, what did that have to do with you?

CRAIGE Well, you see, in the course of my duties, I had to arrest her for practicing voodoo. To get revenge she made the most deadly kind of wanga against me. It was a doll about six inches high, dressed in Khaki coat and breeches with a helmet and boots, and was supposed to be me. Every day Kitty would stick a long needle through the doll's heart. My Haitian friends were terrified, but the performance gave me a big laugh.

ADAMSON Well, somehow or other, it sounds too spocky to laugh at.



CRAIGE        You're right, Hans, I didn't laugh long. Kitty had been making her magic for about a week when I was stricken with fever. The flesh wasted off my bones. I thought I had to give up the ghost. Then one day my police wizard came to see me.

ADAMSON       Police Wizard! That's a new one, what in the world is he?

CRAIGE        Why, we had a wizard regularly attached to the Police Force -- a voodoo detective and an indispensable fellow. When I told him my troubles, he said "Why didn't you let me know you were bewitched? You might have died. But I'll see what I can do about it."

ADAMSON       And what did he do - put Kitty in the cooler?

CRAIGE        No, he made me a counter-wanga, a spell to make me well. It was made of red and black silk, the shape of a water-decanter with red and black plumes sticking out of the neck. I hadn't much faith in its healing powers, but I took it as I didn't want to hurt the old boy's feelings. The funny thing was that I felt better the next day, and within a week the fever had gone. The Old Wizard told me that his spell couldn't quite neutralize Kitty's evil magic; I'd have bad luck at regular intervals every year. However, as long as I kept this wanga, nothing terrible would happen. But if I should lose it, he said - "Look out"!

ADAMSON       And how did the battle between the two wangas turn out?

CRAIGE        Well, judge for yourself! That happened in 1928. In 1929 fire destroyed a house where some extremely valuable family furniture was in storage. (OVER)

CRAIGE

(CONTINUES)

In 1930, a bank where I had some money failed. In 1931 I lost my Mother. This spring my house in Philadelphia was burglarized and among the loot taken by the thieves was my Haitian counter-wanga. I had a queer feeling that I was due for squalls. Sure enough, within a month I was taken with a sneezing fit while driving my car. The car ran off the road and down a bank, turning over. In the process I cracked one of the vertebrae of my spine. I'm still limping as a result. I wish I could get my protective wanga back. No, I don't believe in magic and it doesn't seem reasonable to think that the wanga could make any difference in what may happen to me in the future, but all the same I'd like to have it.

ADAMSON

Well - Jack - if I'd had that strange experience you had I'd want it back, too. I feel pretty spooky right now. Thank you, Jack, and now, Captain Barker, I'll be turning the mike back to you and make sure there aren't any wangs on it.

BARKER

I certainly will, Hans -- who's to be with us next Sunday?

ADAMSON

Dr James L Clark, who probably knows more about charging rhinos than any other living explorer.

BARKER

That sounds mighty exciting. Yes sir! So be sure to tune in. Now let me remind you that every one of you listening in - boys and girls and grown-ups too -- is invited to become a member of the American Bosch Radio Explorer's Club! I hold in my hand an autographed photograph of Captain Craige.



BARKER

(CONTINUES)

I am going to send a copy as an extra gift to those who apply for membership this week. For membership, you know, entitles you to receive entirely free of charge, the membership button, -- and it's a dandy I may tell you -- the handsome membership certificate with your own name on it, which bears a reproduction of my old ship the British Isles; and the Radio Explorers Club authorized map showing the important short wave stations all over the world. Ben Grauer here is waiting to tell you how easy it is for you to join so I'll say clear sailing to you until next Sunday.

ANNOUNCER

Join the American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club and hear the world. To join, merely send your name and address with the name and age of the radio set to which you are listening to American Bosch, American B-O-S-C-H, Springfield, Massachusetts. Is there anyone anywhere in this wide world who, given the opportunity to travel the world over, would prefer to stay at home? Is there anyone who can remain contented with a stay-at-home radio when you can go places and hear things with the new 1935 American-Bosch Round-The-World Radios. Take a tip from Mr. E. Jocelyn, 802 East 168th Street, New York who reports that within a few days after getting his new American-Bosch Radio he tuned in stations all the way from Norway to South Africa and 16 other foreign countries in between. That's travelling some!

ANNOUNCER (CONTINUES)

Radio exploration, you see, has been made very easy on these new American-Bosch Round-The-World Radios, thanks to the Multi-Wave Selector, an exclusive American Bosch feature which your dealer will be glad to demonstrate to you. Ask him about Right-Angel tuning, too, as featured in Model 460R. It's a basic development in radio design which makes tuning as comfortable standing up or sitting down. Yes, there's an American-Bosch Radio for every purse and purpose -- look and listen at your dealers.

(SIGNATURE FADES IN)

ANNOUNCER The American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club meets here every Sunday afternoon with Captain James P Barker in command. Next Sunday, under special arrangement with the American Museum of Natural History, 1500 members of the Junior Science Clubs, of the American Institute of New York will be present here in the studio. Our guest explorer will be Dr. James L. Clark, who will take us into the African jungle to meet charging rhinos.... he will be interviewed by Hans Christian Adamson.

(SIGNATURE ENDS)

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